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THE FALL AND RECOVERY OF MAN.

A POEM.

By the Rev. EDWARD SMYTH.

As by the Offence *of one, Judgment came upon all Men to* Condemnation, *even so by the* Righteouſneſs *of one, the free Gift came upon all Men unto* Juſtification *of Life.* ROM. v. 18.

As in ADAM *all die, even so in* CHRIST *shall all be* MADE ALIVE. 1 COR. XV. 22.

BELFAST:

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30
MAY

THE

FALL and RECOVERY of MAN.

A POEM.

IN the beginning, when this maſs of *Earth*
Was without form and void, GOD gave it birth:
HE ſpoke—his mighty voice *Confuſion* heard—
Order and *Beauty* inſtantly appear'd.
In all the pomp of horror, *Darkneſs* lay
Extended o'er the ſurface of the Sea:
" *Let there be light*" ſaid GOD—*and there was light*—
On raven pinions, *Darkneſs* took its flight.
" *Let there be*, now *a firmament*" he ſaid—
The firmament expands its azure head.
" *Into one place let* all *the waters flow*—
" *Let the dry land appear*"—and it was ſo.
" *Let* now *the herb yield ſeed, the earth* yield *graſs*"—
GOD *ſaw that it was good*—it came to paſs.
" In heav'n's expanſe, ſhine forth, two orbs of light"——
They ſhine—*one rules the day, and one the night*;

While ſtars the vaulted canopy o'erſpread,
And on this globe their feebler luſtre ſhed.
" *To fiſh and winged fowl*, give life, thou ſea"—
The *waters* his ſupreme beheſt obey—
With whales they teem—their fins the fiſh extend—
The fowl on outſtretch'd wing to heav'n aſcend.
" *Cattle, and beaſts, and creeping things*, ariſe"—
Behold! they breathe—GOD ſaw his works were wiſe.

Thus by his *Fiat*, heav'n and earth were made,
And the deep channels of the ocean laid:
Wiſdom in ev'ry part diſtinguiſh'd ſhone,
Such wiſdom as JEHOVAH boaſts alone.
But, though the firmament ſo plainly ſhow'd
The glory of a wonder-working GOD,
Yet ſtill creation wanted ſomething more,
Something the Mighty MAKER to adore:
The SPIRIT of the FATHER then begun,
And thus addreſs'd the *everlaſting* SON.

" *In our own image let us* Man *create*,
" And make the world to him ſubordinate:
" Let him o'er ev'ry living thing have ſway,
" Ruler ſupreme of Earth, of Air, and Sea."

Th' eternal THREE were pleas'd—O ſtrange! behold!
A form *celeſtial* ſprings from *earthly* mould:
He moves—he ſpeaks—what dignity, what grace,
What matchleſs beauty ſhines in limbs and face!

How

How *fearfully and wonderfully made!*
How is the great CREATOR's pow'r diſplay'd!
O *Eloquence*, be dumb—thou canſt not find
Words correſpondent with his god-like mind:
So pure, ſo perfect, language is too weak,
On its tranſcendent faculties to ſpeak.

Man thus, in ſpotleſs innocence array'd,
The bleſſed ARCHITECT his works ſurvey'd;
" Behold! all things are very good" ſays he,
" But chiefly *Man*, approaching neareſt me.
" Superior to all earthly creatures made,
" To him all due obedience ſhall be paid:
" Beaſts of the wild, and cattle of the field,
" With fear and trembling to his ſway ſhall yield.
" A garden will I plant, where fragrant trees
" Shall court the whiſpers of the gentle breeze,
" Whoſe bluſhing fruit, alluring to the ſight,
" Shall ſweetly tempt his hand, his taſte invite.
" Embroider'd beds of odorif'rous flow'rs
" Shall line his walk to aromatic bow'rs;
" The very air itſelf ſhall breathe perfume,
" And things inanimate a ſmile aſſume:
" A river, too, ſhall water all the land,
" With *gold, and jewels*, glitt'ring on its ſtrand.

" While thus, for Man, all things their tribute bring,
" The gracious DONOR's glory he *will* ſing.

" When he this bliſsful reſidence ſurveys,
" The flame of fervent gratitude *muſt* blaze:
" Each object tending to inſpire delight,
" In praiſe to heav'n his ſoul muſt wing its flight.
" However, his obedience I will try——
" ADAM," ſays GOD— " my MAKER, here
am I."

" Behold, O ADAM, the enchanting ſcene,
" Where I appoint thee, king of all, to reign:
" Nature, ſubſervient to thy ſov'reign will,
" For thee ſhall pour forth all her treaſures ſtill—
" For thee her ample ſtore-houſe open wide,
" Till all thy warmeſt wiſhes be ſupply'd.
" Nay, to enhance the bleſſings of thy ſtate,
" *A meet companion* will I now create—
" A lovely woman, whoſe endearing ſmile
" Shall ev'ry ſolitary hour beguile—
" Whoſe graceful form ſhall captivate thine heart,
" And ſocial converſe happineſs impart.

" *Of ev'ry tree*, which, in this bleſt retreat,
" Bears fruit abundant, *ye may freely eat*:
" All, but the *Tree of Knowledge*, will I give,
" Of that, indeed, ye cannot taſte, and live:
" For, this is the command of GOD moſt HIGH,
" *Eat not thereof, or ye ſhall, ſurely, die.*"

Delightful ſtate! thrice happy, happy pair!
In blooming fields they breath'd the vernal air:

Hand

Hand join'd in hand, enraptur'd did they rove,
Then, made their pillow in ſome ſhady grove,
Where Angels watch'd their ſlumbers, clos'd their eyes,
'Till morn, with bluſhing colours, ting'd the ſkies.

Here ſtop, kind *Muſe*, and draw a friendly veil
O'er what enſu'd—the ſequel, ah! conceal:
But *Truth* commands—reluctantly I tell
The ranc'rous malice of the *Prince of Hell*.

An *Angel* once, he ſhar'd the ſmiles of GOD,
And, on the glitt'ring, ſtarry pavement, trod:
Pride and ambition urg'd him to rebel—
A *Dæmon*, then, GOD hurl'd him down to hell;
In fire and dreary darkneſs there confin'd,
More black than his dominions grew his mind.
Jealous that GOD ſhould ſo diſtinguiſh *Man*,
He ſoon concerted an infernal plan:
Elate with hopes, he left his dark abode,
And in a Serpent's blazing colours glow'd.

Arriv'd at *Paradiſe*, he ſought the tree
Forbidden by the LORD's ſupreme decree;
Then, round its trunk, his ſhining folds he twin'd,
Dire miſchief hatching in his helliſh mind.

Now, as the envy'd pair were paſſing by,
EVE on the Serpent caſt her wond'ring eye:

While

While on his ſpeckled creſt ſhe fondly gaz'd,
The happy opportunity he ſeiz'd,
And, in perſuaſive accent, thus addreſs'd
Her liſt'ning ear—" With love for thee impreſs'd,
" For thee, angelic fair, I muſt reveal
" What GOD unkindly purpos'd to conceal.
" Know, then, that in this fruit a *virtue* lies,
" Which renders all who eat it truly wiſe:
" GOD, who well knew this *virtue*, was afraid
" Leſt *you* ſhould be like *him*, and, therefore, ſaid
[" Eat not thereof, or, ye ſhall ſurely die]
" Believe not—oh, believe not ſuch a lie!
" Behold the fruit—how pleaſant to the eyes!
" Here—taſte, and eat—be happy, and be wiſe."

By adulation won, and ſmooth deceit,
The roſy fruit ſhe taſted, and did eat:
Her huſband, alſo, by her words enſnar'd,
Was tempted, and the fatal apple ſhar'd.

O thankleſs ADAM! wretched, hapleſs EVE!
With joy the TEMPTER ſmil'd, to ſee you *grieve:*
He *triumph'd*, like a conq'ror, when ye *fell*—
The welcome news reſounded thro' all *Hell.*
O rueful day, when BEELZEBUB prevail'd!
What *bliſs* ye loſt! what *miſ'ry* ye entail'd!
A *Paradiſe of ſweets* did ye forego,
And brought, on your deſcendants, endleſs *woe.*

Conſci-

Conſcious that they from GOD's direction fled,
Shame, o'er their cheeks, its crimſon bluſhes ſpread.
Where now that tranquil innocence of mind
Ye once poſſeſs'd? 'tis vaniſh'd with the wind.
They knew that they were naked, and accurſt—
Stripp'd of that heav'nly nature, which, at firſt,
They were created in—they loſt that ſenſe,
Which ſhow'd the attributes of PROVIDENCE:
Among the trees they hid, in thickeſt gloom,
To ſhun, if poſſible, their dreadful doom.
But, the deluded creatures vainly try'd
From that divine INTELLIGENCE to hide,
Who fills both heav'n and earth—and, in whoſe ſight,
All things are naked—darkneſs is as light.

"ADAM (ſaid GOD) I ſee thee in the wood—
"Come forth, and anſwer." Pale with fear they ſtood.
"Ungrateful wretches to a GOD ſo kind!
"I made you to be happy, and deſign'd,
"As long as ye adher'd to my command,
"To guide you with a FATHER's gracious hand.
"Ye now have forfeited that tender name—
"To vengeance ſacred *Juſtice* lays her claim:
"Behold your *Judge*, and to the LORD give ear—
"Woman, behold your *Judge*—your ſentence hear.
"Thy progeny thou ſhalt bring forth with pain—
"In bitterneſs of ſoul ſhalt thou complain:

"The

" *The pains of hell* on thy ruck'd frame ſhall ſeize,
" *Thy huſband*, too, *ſhall rule thee* all thy days.
" And, becauſe thou, O ADAM, didſt comply
" With her entreaties, ſcorning the moſt HIGH,
" *Curs'd be the ground*—unfruitful be the field—
" *Thiſtles, and Thorns*, ſpontaneous let it yield.
" Like ſavage beaſts, the green herb ſhalt thou eat,
" And earn thy daily *bread* by toil, and ſweat;
" Till thy material frame ſhall mix with duſt,
" For, to its native earth, return it muſt.

Immediately, the deadly curſe took place—
All-lovely *Nature* loſt its *ſmiling* face—
The ſtamp of *frowning Deſolation* bore,
And all its various beauties ſhone no more.
Where laughing *ſhrubs*, and fragrant *bloſſoms* blew,
The ſtinging *nettle* and the *bramble*, grew:
Creation all around began to fade,
And Winter's blaſts deform'd the ſylvan ſhade.
The beaſts grew wild—the lions roar'd for prey,
Nor longer would ſubmit to human ſway.
As if intending all the vales to drown,
Loud-ſounding cataracts came tumbling down:
The glaſſy ocean burſt into a roar,
And daſh'd its ſwelling ſurges on the ſhore.
The ſky, expreſſive of JEHOVAH's ire,
With light'ning flaſh'd, and darted balls of fire;
While the fork'd thunderbolts from heav'n were hurl'd
And gaping earthquakes ſhook the guilty world.

At

At EDEN's entrance was an Angel plac'd,
Who, *with a flaming ſword*, the victims chac'd;
And drove them forth, to cultivate the ſoil
From whence they ſprang, with never-ceaſing toil.

In GOD's *own image* ADAM firſt was made,
But, when the lawleſs rebel diſobey'd,
Then vaniſh'd the divine ſimilitude,
And children, *ſinful* like himſelf enſu'd;
For, *who a clean thing, from a thing unclean*
Can bring? not one—the very thought is vain:
And, as the ſtream will be corrupt which runs
From a corrupted ſource, ſo, ADAM's ſons
The wicked nature of the parent ſhow'd,
Tranſgreſſing the commandments of their GOD.
Horrid to tell! by jealous paſſions led,
His brother's blood Cain barbarouſly ſhed.
As if united in one common league
Againſt the LORD, Vice, like a ſpreading plague,
It's baneful influence extended wide,
And cheriſh'd av'rice, luſt, ambition, pride.
GOD *look'd for judgment*, righteouſneſs, and truth—
But, lo, *man's thoughts were evil from his youth.*
It griev'd the LORD *that* ever *Man was made*—
He ſaid, " My fury ſhall not be delay'd;
" For, when preſumptuous mortals diſobey,
" *Vengeance is mine*, I, ſurely, *will repay.*"

Accord-

Accordingly, the clouds of heav'n were drain'd—
For forty days, and forty nights, it rain'd—
The deluge cover'd ev'ry mountain's head,
And, on the waters, man and beasts lay dead;
Not one was left of all the human race,
But *Noah*—righteous *Noah* met with grace:
To him, and to his family, alone,
The mercy of an angry *Judge* was shewn.

After the flood, GOD bleſſed him, and ſaid,
" *Be fruitful*—let thy ſeed the earth o'erſpread."
In countleſs numbers did they ſoon increaſe—
But not in knowledge, or celeſtial grace.
Forgetful of the LORD, and love divine,
Ev'n *Noah* was inebriate with wine:
Naked he lay—*Ham* ſaw the dire diſgrace,
While his two brothers turn'd away their face.
But, was iniquity to him confin'd?
Alas! its ſting infected *all* mankind:
Corruption ſpread itſelf on ev'ry ſide—
GOD's anger flam'd—who can his wrath abide?
The HIGHEST gave his thunder—*coals of fire,*
And burning *brimſtone* told his furious ire;
On *Sodom* they pour'd down from heav'n, like rain—
Abraham pray'd—but pray'd, alas! in vain:
Ten righteous perſons were not found therein,
And *Lot* alone eſcap'd the curſe of ſin.

But

But, ah! how ſoon did he become defil'd!
With draughts of wine, he alſo, was beguil'd;
And (bluſh, O heav'ns, at the nefarious deed!)
Of his own daughters rais'd a curſed ſeed.

In length of time, king *Pharoah*'s cruel hand
Held *Iſrael* captive in th' *Egyptian* land:
Their ſtrength and ſpirits with hard labour broke,
Long, long they groan'd beneath the tyrant's yoke.
GOD from his mercy-ſeat look'd down, and ſent
Ten grievous plagues—through all the land they went—
Their firſt-born dy'd—this ſtroke th' Egyptians felt—
Ev'n *Pharoah*'s ſtubborn heart began to melt;
And, apprehenſive of another blow,
Loaded with gifts, *he let the people go.*

Again relenting, *Iſrael* he purſu'd—
But *God*, the MAN OF WAR, his hoſt ſubdu'd.
The waters of the ſea refus'd to glide,
And form'd a lofty wall, on either ſide;
Upon dry ground GOD's people paſs the ſea,
Which clos'd again, and ſwept their foes away.
With out-ſtretch'd arm, and all-deliv'ring hand
Thus were they reſcued from the *pagan* band;
With clouds, in day-time, were they, alſo, *led*,
And, round their tents *at night a light* was ſpread.
In the dry deſart, GOD was near to ſave,
And flinty rocks full ſtreams of water gave.

How great was the exub'rance of that love
Which, for their food, rain'd *Manna* from above!
The treasury of heav'n was open'd wide,
And *Man* with *Angel's* food was gratify'd.
Should not such mercies fill their mouths with praise
To that good GOD who guided all their ways?
O shame! O vile return for love so great!
They sinn'd still more, and lusted after meat.
Insulting their CREATOR, thus they said,
"*Our souls* abhor, and nauseate *this light bread:*
"*Would* GOD! that we had all in *Egypt* dy'd,
"For, in this wild, no flesh can we provide."

When GOD perceiv'd their base ingratitude,
With dreadful wrath his people he pursu'd;
He punish'd with a plague their daring pride,
And hundreds of their *chosen captains dy'd.*

By chastisement reduc'd, they knew, at length,
That GOD was their DELIV'RER, ROCK, and STRENGTH:
But still, their *lips* alone proclaim'd his praise—
Their hearts *car'd not how they the* LORD *might please.*
Yet he, from whom all tenderness proceeds,
Destroy'd them not, but pardon'd their misdeeds:
With pity mov'd, he turn'd his wrath away,
Mindful that they were only dust and clay.

How

How oft did they the HOLY ONE *provoke!*
How oft with tempting inſolence they ſpoke!
This unbelieving people ſoon forgot
The wondrous *ſigns which he in Egypt wrought.*

At laſt, ſo wicked and profane they grew,
His providential hand the LORD withdrew:
Moſes and *Aaron*, too, broke his command,
And, therefore, enter'd not the promis'd land;
Of all that in th' *Egyptian* realms abode,
On *two* alone this bleſſing was beſtow'd.

Their children, now, to *Canaan* being brought,
The mighty LORD OF HOSTS their battles fought.
Where'er they went, went conqueſt and renown—
Sudden, the walls of *Jericho* fell down:
Before their conqu'ring ſword, kings, giants fled,
And hail-ſtones ſtrew'd the bloody plains with dead.

But ſoon, forgetful of their high defence,
They dar'd to fight againſt omnipotence—
They *turn'd aſide, like a deceitful bow,*
From GOD above to Idols here below:
Therefore, with *Iſrael* he was *ſore diſpleas'd,*
While enemies their ſtrength and glory ſeiz'd.
No longer he his ſuccour would afford,
But gave his people over to the ſword;
Their maids in marriage were not giv'n away,
To hoſtile lands *their young men* fell a prey.

O *Sin*, what ſavage havock haſt thou made!
By thee, the wiſeſt, beſt, are oft betray'd,
Thy ſubtil poiſon, creeping thro' the ſoul,
No part leaves ſound, but putrefies the whole:
All, *all* mankind thy mortal venom ſhare,
All, *all* are caught in thy entangling ſnare.
Witneſs king *David*, who, to gratify
A brutal paſſion, made *Uriah* die.
Witneſs, too, *Solomon*, whoſe concubines
Eſtrang'd his heart from GOD to *Pagan* ſhrines.
Wiſdom, *and underſtanding*, crown'd his youth—
In peace he reign'd, and fill'd the earth with *truth*;
But *ſin* and *folly* mark'd his elder days,
He, and his ſeed, forſook GOD's holy ways.
Witneſs ST. PETER, who profanely ly'd,
And, with an oath, his heav'nly LORD deny'd.

From theſe examples, *Mortal*, learn thy ſtate—
Thy heart how wicked, and thy ſin how great:
If PETER, SOLOMON, and DAVID fell,
Can'ſt thou elude the ſtratagems of hell?
Beware—beware of thy *deceitful heart*—
Aſſuredly, it will from GOD depart:
Adam's frail nature to his offspring cleaves,
And *Satan*, as at firſt, the world deceives.
Then, truſt not *reaſon*—it will chide in vain,
Where boiſterous paſſions rule, and guide the rein.
When *pleaſure* courts thee, in alluring guiſe,
It's faſcinating charms will blind thine eyes:

Here,

Here, objects ſtill occur to captivate—
Senſe yield, and ſwallows down the treach'rous bait—
Yes—we muſt own, with weeping floods of grief,
There is in man a heart of unbelief;
Since the foundations of the earth were laid,
The LORD's commandments have been diſobey'd:
All, in the paths of wickedneſs, have trod,
And *Man*'s at conſtant variance with his GOD.
'Till chang'd by grace in ſin he goes on ſtill,
Led captive by the Devil at his will.

This truth, proud *rebel*, dare not to confute,
For, GOD has ſet the point beyond diſpute:
Keep ſilence, therefore, while his words proclaim
The ſelf-abaſing, melancholy theme.

The LORD *look'd down to ſee*, throughout the land,
If there were *any* that *did underſtand*;
But all are filthy, all aſide are gone—
There's none that doeth juſtly—*no, not one.*
ALL WE, from GOD, *like ſheep, have gone aſtray*,
And EVERY ONE *has turn'd to his own way.*
What—*what is man?* can he be void of ſtain?
The very heav'ns, in God's ſight, were not clean:
How much more filthy, then, muſt *mortals* be,
Who drink, like water, all *iniquity?*
Their mouth is full of curſing and deceit—
To ſhed the blood of ſaints they lie in wait—

They glory in their ſhame—in their diſgrace—
Nor have they known the holy *way of peace—*
Under their lips the ſerpent's *poiſon* lies—
There is no fear of GOD *before their eyes.*

Now ſhall not we, ſo totally deprav'd,
With DAVID own, *in ſin are we conceiv'd?*
Shall we not ſay ('till *grace* our health reſtores)
We're full of *wounds, and putrefying ſores:*
The whole head's ſick, and the whole heart is faint,
Of *Adam's* ſin we feel th' envenom'd taint.

While thus to heav'n by underſtanding dead,
While *from the foot* corrupted *to the head,*
Shall *ſinful duſt,* ſhall *vileſt worms* pretend
That their imperfect off'rings will aſcend
As *a ſweet ſmelling ſavour* before GOD?
Our pureſt works, alas! deſerve the rod:
There's not an act we do, but ſin pollutes—
Since bad the *tree,* bad, alſo, are the *fruits.*
To the *ſelf-righteous,* thus the LORD hath ſpoke—
Ye, in my noſe, are an offenſive *ſmoke—*
Ye are a fire that burneth all the day—
Behold, full *recompence will I repay.*
Preſume not, *ſinner,* to expect reward,
Nor proudly boaſt before the holy LORD;
Vain-glory poiſons the moſt worthy deed,
As flies in ointment putrefaction breed:

Inſtead

Inſtead of a ſweet ſmell there ſhall be ſtink——
Then, let not *filthy duſt* and *aſhes* think
That their *beſt ſervices* can make their peace—
No—our ſalvation comes from GOD's *free grace.*

When, in the balance of ſtrict *Juſtice*, weigh'd,
Lighter than nothing, *Man*, be thou afraid:
Tekel will be pronounc'd on all you do—
Let men be lyars, but, *let* GOD *be true.*
If the omnicient judge ſhould be *extreme*
To mark the profanations of his name,
Paſs ſentence on each ſin that we commit,
What, who could ſave us from the burning pit?
Since GOD has ſaid it, let vain *Man* confeſs,
That *the whole world doth lie in wickedneſs*:
And here, the grand enquiry muſt enſue,
What, then, for our ſalvation ſhall we do?
As GOD *concludeth all men under ſin,*
Heav'n's gates are barr'd, and none can enter in.

On *ſelf*, indeed, we never can depend,
Nor *doth our goodneſs to the* LORD *extend:*
If in our righteouſneſs we would confide,
Who can the JUDGE's ſcrutiny abide?
The ſoul that ſinneth (GOD hath ſaid) *ſhall die*—
Now, who upon himſelf will dare rely?
Where is the man will confidently ſay,
"From GOD's commands I never went aſtray?"

The

The breach of *one* to death condemns the ſoul,
As much as if we had infring'd the *whole*;
For, it is ſaid, a curſe on him remains,
Who doth not *all* things, which the law contains:
And, in *one point* whoe'er offendeth, he,
Of breaking *all* the laws ſhall guilty be.

Is it, then, ſo? hath thus the LORD decreed?
And, ſhall we lean upon a broken reed?
Shall we approach th' offended God of heav'n,
As if we had no ſins to be forgiv'n?
No—fellow mortals—fellow ſinners, No—
Oh ruſh not headlong into endleſs woe!
Humble yourſelves, ye *criminals*, in duſt—
Confeſs your vileneſs—own that GOD is juſt—
Believe his word, the word of truth, which ſaith,
By one man's ſin came everlaſting *death*;
So death has paſs'd on ALL *men, becauſe* ALL
Tranſgreſs in *Adam*, and with *Adam* fall.

Condemn'd apoſtates, mourn, and howl, and cry——
The wrath of GOD has ſaid, that *all muſt die*:
His SPIRIT left this ſentence on record,
The ſentence of a ſin-avenging LORD.
Tremble, *O earth—be horribly afraid*—
Who with inſulted MAJESTY will plead?
How can his vengeful fury be appeas'd?
With *rams, and bullocks*, will the LORD be pleas'd?

Rivers

Rivers of oil abundantly ſhall flow—
Will they avert the dire impending blow?
The firſt-born of our bodies ſhall we give,
For our tranſgreſſions, that our *ſouls* may live?
Alas! moſt vain is ſuch a ſacrifice——
Millions of hecatombs can ne'er ſuffice.
Accurſed creatures, ruin'd, and undone!
From GOD's diſpleaſure whither ſhall we run?
The jealous DEITY deſtruction ſpreads—
Fall on us, mountains, hide our guilty heads.

Avaunt, *deſpair*—O *man*, lift up thine eyes—
The voice of *hope*, O ſinner, bids thee riſe:
Avaunt *deſpair*—the SPIRIT from above,
The COMFORTER proclaims GOD's pard'ning love.
Wonder, O earth! no longer be afraid—
Captive of ſin, look up, nor be diſmay'd.

E're *Adam* broke the firſt divine command,
The kind CREATOR his *recovery* plann'd.
But, how ſhould the accuſing JUDGE diſpenſe
With that dire curſe pronounc'd on man's offence?
The threaten'd puniſhment he muſt endure,
Before his pardon could be made ſecure:
GOD's truth inviolate muſt be maintain'd—
Therefore (O wondrous mercy!) he ordain'd
Another *covenant*, whoſe kind deſign
Should reſcue ſinful man from wrath divine;

While

While *juſtice*, alſo, ſhould be ſatisfy'd,
And *perfect righteouſneſs* to us apply'd:
His wiſdom, therefore, our redemption wrought,
And his own mighty *arm ſalvation* brought.
" *I will bring near my righteouſneſs*, (ſays he)
" And, thus ſhall *Man* be juſtify'd in me."

Reſolving thus loſt ſinners to relieve,
He told the *Serpent* which had tempted Eve,
" Know, between thee, and her, ſhall *diſcord* breed,
" And *enmity* ſubſiſt between your ſeed:
" *Her ſeed* ſhall cruſh thy pow'r, and *bruiſe thy head*,
" *And thou ſhalt bruiſe his heel*—ſo GOD hath ſaid."

To faithful *Abraham*, and *Jacob*'s line,
He, alſo, told his merciful deſign:
" In thee, and *in thy ſeed*, *ſhall* man find reſt,
" And *all the nations of the earth be bleſs'd*."
And, leſt their faithleſs children ſhould deſpair,
Thus, by his prophets, did the LORD declare.

" Ye nations, liſten—*ye ſtout-hearted*, *hear*—
The LORD *hath ſpoken*, therefore, *give ye ear*—
Hear Jacob—*I will faſhion thee* anew,
And on thy ſoul pour down refreſhing dew:
Peace, *like a river*, thro' all lands, ſhall flow,
And ſhow'rs of mercy comfort all below.

" And

JACOB, *my called*—ISRAEL, *mine elect*,
With the right-hand of pow'r will I protect.
Sing ye aloud, *A vineyard of red wine*—
Lo, *I the* LORD *will keep it*—it is mine:
As for my anger, it ſhall ſurely, ceaſe—
Then, *of my ſtrength take hold, and make your peace.*

The LORD OF HOSTS *ſhall prove a glorious crown,*
And from above ſhall righteouſneſs come down.
Ye heav'ns on high, your choiceſt bleſſings bring—
Let the earth open—let ſalvation ſpring.
Behold, good-tidings ſhall be brought to paſs——
In pieces will I break the gates of braſs——
The iron bars in ſunder ſhall be rent,
While *I enlarge the curtains of thy tent:*
No weapon form'd againſt thee ſhall ſucceed,
But from captivity thou ſhalt be freed.
The ſeed of Jacob *ſhall not ſeek in vain,*
For, I will *come unto them, as the rain:*
They ſhall not be confounded, nor aſham'd,
For, *'tis by me that* Iſrael *is firnam'd.*
I bring the blind by paths they do not know—
I lead them by the way that they ſhould go.
O ye dry bones—bones ſhrivell'd up with ſin,
The LORD *will cover you with fleſh, and ſkin;*
Sinews of ſtrength, will GOD, moreover, give,
And *breathe upon the ſlain, that they may live:*

As ſoon as he has *open'd* all *their graves,*
Then ſhall they know that 'tis by grace he ſaves.
Therefore, *thou* frail *worm* Jacob, *do not fear*——
When poor and needy, I the LORD *will hear:*
I am your HOLY ONE—*ev'n I am he*—
Surely, there is no SAVIOUR, *beſide me.*
Thy Sun ſhall *ſhine* by day, *thy Moon* by night,
For I will be thine everlaſting light.
My SPIRIT *will I pour upon thy ſeed,*
And *bleſſings on thine off-ſpring* are decreed.
All *they that come of thee ſhall take* deep *root,*
Shall bloſſom, bud, and fill the world with fruit:
As willows by the water-courſes, they
Shall ſpring and flouriſh, *ſo that, one ſhall ſay,*
I am the LORD'*s*—*I am of* Jacob's tribe,
And, to their GOD, *another ſhall ſubſcribe.*

" *Thus ſaith the* LORD—*in perfect peace ſhall he*
Be kept, whoſe ſtedfaſt *mind is ſtay'd on me.*
My pow'rful ſtrength the lofty *walls* ſhall know,
And *them that dwell on high* will I lay low.
For a foundation, on which men alone
Shall build, *I lay a precious* CORNER-STONE.
From JESSE'S *ſtem a* RIGHTEOUS BRANCH
ſhall grow,
And, from his root, a ROD luxuriant blow;
An enſign for the people ſhall it ſtand,
And gather all *the out-caſts* of the land.

This

This Branch *will I bring forth, and, in his days,*
Shall ISRAEL *ſafely dwell*, and be at eaſe.
A Covenant *I give* all lands to bleſs——
He ſhall be call'd, The LORD, our righteouſneſs.
He is my ſervant, whom I will uphold——
The faithful *Shepherd* of a num'rous fold;
Under the ſhelter of a ſhady *rock*,
Fearleſs of *tempeſts*, he ſhall *feed his ſtock*:
The lambs ſhall lie beneath his ſoft'ring *arm*,
A hiding-place from wind, and ev'ry harm.
Securely ſhall he *lead* them, all their days,
And, *by the ſprings of water, guide* their ways.
To him ſhall *men of ſtature* bend the knee—
Kings to the brightneſs of his riſing flee:
The forces of the Gentiles ſhall ſee light
And *the weak hands* be ſtrengthen'd in his might.
Of feeble knees the LORD ſhall be the ſtay—
The filth of ZION *ſhall be purg'd away*——
With righteouſneſs her converts he redeem'd,
And, for the SAVIOUR's ſake, be high eſteem'd;
With them ſhall he be cloath'd, and glorify'd,
Binding them on him, as a joyful *bride*.
I ſend him to bind up the broken ſoul——
To ſay to the diſeaſed, *Be ye whole*——
To give the oil of joy to the forlorn,
Beauty for aſhes, to all them that mourn.
In him *the captives liberty* ſhall find,
Nor *ſin*, nor *death*, nor *Satan* longer bind:

The *trees of righteouſneſs* ſhall be their name,
That men *my* praiſe and honour may proclaim.

" *The glory of the* LORD *all fleſh ſhall ſee—*
A diadem of beauty ſhall he be;
His righteous *throne in juſtice ſhall increaſe,*
And warring nations own this *Prince of peace:*
Their glitt'ring *ſwords to plough-ſhares ſhall they beat,*
And pointed *ſpears to pruning-hooks* tranſlate.
The haughtineſs of men ſhall be bow'd down,
And monarchs pay obeiſance to his crown.
Dominion ſhall he have from ſea to ſea,
And *teach the lowly* and the *meek his way.*
Cedars of LEBANON, your tow'ring pride
Shall ſink in duſt, and GOD be glorify'd.
When he the ſceptre of his pow'r ſhall wield,
The wilderneſs ſhall prove a fruitful field,
And bloſſom as the roſe—the deſart place
Shall ſmile, enlighten'd by his glorious face.
Ruſhes and reeds ſhall grow *where dragons lay,*
And flow'ry *graſs* where Tygers howl'd for prey.
The rav'nous *wolf with lambs* ſhall feed in peace—
The *Kids* no more ſhall hungry *Leopards* chaſe.
The Cow and Bear ſhall feed—without diſmay,
On the Aſps hole the ſucking child ſhall play.
In dry and *thirſty lands* ſhall *waters ſpring*—
The lame, in ſtrength exulting, *leap* and ſing:
The tongue of ſtammerers ſhall plainly ſpeak,
And, from *the dumb,* ſhall loud *hoſanna's* break.

" *A*

" *A* TABERNACLE *shall the* LORD *create*——
A refuge, and a shadow from the heat——
A covert from the storm, and beating rain,
Where men of ev'ry kindred shall convene.
Oh thou afflicted! I will hear thy groans,
And beautify *thy gates with pleasant stones;*
With sapphires thy foundations will I lay,
And *make thy windows with carbuncles* gay:
As for *oppression, it shall not come near,*
And, *far from horror, thou shalt never fear:*
Great shall the peace of all thy children be,
For, *all thy children shall be taught of* ME:
Unto my house shall all the nations flow,
And love, and joy, and peace together grow.
Let us go up, shall many people say,
And GOD will lead us in his perfect way.——
The perfect way of holiness——lo! there;
Way-faring men, tho' fools, shall never err:
There, shall harmonious concord ever be,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody;
There, *the redeemed of the* LORD shall tread,
And *everlasting joy be on their head:*
Gladness of heart *the ransom'd shall obtain,*
Nor more, in tears of languishment, complain;
Sorrow and sighing, they *shall flee away,*
And GOD be all in all, in that great day.

" Ye ministers of peace, *lift up your voice*——
Say to JERUSALEM, *rejoice, rejoice*——

Lift up your voice with ſtrength, nor be afraid—
Cry unto JUDAH, *Now thy peace is made—*
Thy warfare is accompliſh'd—all *thy ſin*
Is blotted out, as though it had not been.
Say to all them that are of fearful heart,
Be ſtrong—fear not—for GOD is on your part.
Let *the glad tidings* o'er the world be told—
To all its cities ſay, *your* GOD *behold!*
He comes, he comes—and with a great reward—
Prepare a highway for our heav'nly LORD.
Be glad, *ye deaf—hear*, hear the DEITY—
Look up to him, ye blind, that ye may ſee.
Ye *mountains*, fall—ye *hills, bow down your heads*—
O'er *ev'ry valley* GOD his glory ſpreads.
Let *cedars, fir-trees, pines, and myrtles* grow—
Let ſtreams of water in the deſart flow.
Ho—ev'ry one that thirſteth boldly *come*—
Come to the waters, without price, or ſum—
Yea, thirſty ſinners, *come*—I freely give—
Drink of the healing *well of life*, and live.

" Let ev'ry tongue, ye kingdoms of the earth,
Rejoice before the LORD, with ſolemn mirth—
Unite your chearful voices—*ſing this ſong*—
Praiſe and ſalvation to our GOD belong:
This is the LORD—we will no more be ſad—
We waited for our GOD, and will be glad.
The piercing ſerpent that is in the ſea,
The great *Leviathan, his ſword ſhall ſlay.*

For

For us, hath GOD ordain'd the paths of peace——
For us, he ſhows the brightneſs of his face:
To ſpiritual life *dead men* ſhall ſpring—
All *ye that dwell in duſt, awake, and ſing*
Anointed of the LORD, lift up your horn—
To us a CHILD—*to us a* SON *is born*;
The government ſhall on his ſhoulder lie,
And with his judgments all the earth comply:
WONDERFUL, COUNSELLER, *his name ſhall be*,
The MIGHTY GOD, to all eternity."

Thus did the voice of *inſpiration* ſay—
With longing eyes, GOD's people watch'd the day—
The day which promis'd ſuch a great event,
When the MESSIAH ſhould from heav'n be ſent.

Now, when *the fullneſs of the time* arriv'd,
Which GOD's conſummate wiſdom had contriv'd,
The *Sun of Righteouſneſs* forſook the ſky,
For us t' obey the law—for us to die.
The bright effulgence of the rays divine
Made man's *deformity* in *beauty* ſhine;
His cheering beams diſpell'd ſin's gloomy night,
And, on the dead, dark world, pour'd life, and light.

Sing forth his praiſe, ye lands, with one accord—
Sing forth the loving-kindneſs of the LORD.
He look'd from heav'n—he ſaw man's ſin was great—
With pity mov'd, "I will compaſſionate,

" Says he (tho' thund'ring vengeance calls aloud)
" And blot out their tranſgreſſions, as a cloud."

O *man*, be loſt in wonder at the ſcheme,
And, evermore, extol his gracious name!
When *without ſtrength we were*, helpleſs, undone,
GOD ſent—an Angel? no—GOD ſent his SON—
Righteouſneſs everlaſting to bring in,
To make attonement, and an end of ſin.
And, did the great I AM thus condeſcend
To dwell on earth, and be the ſinners friend?
He did—nay, greater condeſcenſion ſhow'd—
Here he not only chearfully abode,
But took our nature, that, as *Man* he might
Endure GOD's wrath, and thus, in his pure ſight,
We ſhould no longer be eſteem'd unclean,
But, thro' HIS righteouſneſs, be free from ſtain.

Tho' *higher* than all monarchs of the earth,
How *low* the circumſtances of his birth!
Tho' he might bid a lofty *palace* riſe,
For his reception, when he left the ſkies,
Yet earth's vain pomp this *King of Kings* did ſcorn,
And choſe in a baſe *manger* to be born.
His heav'nly *majeſty* he laid aſide——
Bluſh, *Princes*, bluſh—be thou confounded, *Pride*—
No longer dare to look with haughty eyes,
Nor *Lazarus*, tho' cloath'd in rags, deſpiſe.

The

The birth of the ALMIGHTY LORD OF LORDS
A moſt inſtructive document affords:
It ſhews the *littleneſs* of earthly things,
The *vanity* of riches, ſceptres, kings.
From *Nobles* of the land it was conceal'd,
And to poor *Shepherds* in the fields reveal'd;
As watching o'er their fleecy care, by night,
An Angel of the LORD, in glory bright,
Appear'd before them—being ſore afraid,
The kind embaſſador of heav'n thus ſaid:
" Fear not—I come to ſave, and not deſtroy—
" *Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy;*
" *For, there is born, in* BETHLEHEM, *this day*—
" *A* SAVIOUR, who your ſins will take away."
And now, an hoſt of *Seraphs* from above,
Thus ſang the riches of redeeming love;
" *Glory to God*—let glory never ceaſe—
" *To men good-will—to earth* be joy, and peace."

To *Eaſtern Magi*, too, his birth was told—
As they ſurvey'd the firmament, behold!
They ſaw a ſtrange *Phænomenon* ariſe,
A *Star* of matchleſs luſtre, in the ſkies.
Aſſur'd that it forebode ſome great event,
From their own country, joyfully they went;
The *Star* conducted their uncertain way,
Till they arriv'd where CHRIST the SAVIOUR, lay:
Before the BLESSED CHILD they bow'd the knee,
And worſhipp'd the incarnate DEITY;

Myrrh,

Myrrh, frankincenſe and *gold* they, then, did bring,
The off'rings due to *Prophet, Prieſt*, and *King*.

Twelve years elaps'd—the CHILD *in wiſdom grew*——
Wax'd ſtrong in ſpirit, and the *ſcriptures* knew:
Among the *Doctors* to the temple brought,
Wiſely he argu'd—he convinc'd—he taught.

That men might know his miſſion was *divine*,
The LORD was pleas'd to manifeſt a ſign:
The heav'ns were ſeen to open—from above,
In *bodily* appearance *like a Dove*,
GOD's SPIRIT came, and hover'd o'er his head—
And, from the clouds, a voice was heard, which ſaid,
" *This is my* SON, *in whom I am well pleas'd*—
" This *my* BELOVED, *hear him*, ye diſeas'd.

His miniſterial office now began,
He went about to ſeek loſt, wand'ring man:
He preach'd to all—and, op'ning human ſight,
Brought life and immortality to light.
Repraving, and exhorting ev'ry where,
With great *authority* did he declare
The ſacred myſt'ries of the goſpel-plan,
And all the duties requiſite in man.
With ſome, his words divine perſuaſion bore,
Believ'd on by a few, they ſinn'd no more.

But, tho' the *ſouls* of men engag'd his care,
Their mortal *bodies*, too, receiv'd a ſhare.

Diſor-

Diſorders, check'd by his ſupreme controul,
Diſpers'd, and left the ſuff'ring patient whole.
The blind recover'd ſight—the cripples walk'd——
And the dumb tongue in *hallelujahs* talk'd.
Lepers he cleans'd—to health reſtor'd the ſick—
The fierce demoniac, and the lunatic:
Nay ſome he rais'd to life, that had been dead,
And ev'n his garments healing *virtue* ſhed.

Thus, his whole life was one continued ſcene
Of *doing good* to unbelieving men:
His meat it was to do his FATHER's will,
And, as our repreſentative, fulfil
The law of GOD—and thus, for *man's* offence,
Make an unſinning, ample, recompence.
For, *as by* ADAM's *diſobedience*, *we*
Were SINNERS *made*, ſo, RIGHTEOUS will we be,
By CHRIST's *obedience*—when by faith apply'd,
We, then, become completely juſtify'd.

And, oh! what ſcenes of woe did he endure,
Eternal bliſs for mankind to ſecure!
Tho' round his throne, the heav'ns their curtains
ſpread,
On earth, he had not where to lay his head.
Thro' bare, inhoſpitable wilds, he ſtray'd,
Where, for our ſins, he faſted, wept, and pray'd:
With much fatigue he travell'd up and down,
Still perſecuted in each faithleſs town.

The'

Tho' to his preaching *numbers* did resort,
But *few* there were would credit his *report*.
His tender nature for their hardness griev'd—
Wonders he wrought—yet still they disbelev'd.
And, tho' some said "*He hath done all things well*,"
Yet others said, 'twas thro the power of Hell.
The BLESSED GOD—GOD, *who is over all*,
A mad blasphemer did the nations call—
The JUST, the HOLY ONE, who could not err,
Was styl'd *a Devil*, and a *Sorcerer*.

In expectation of an *earthly* prince,
Who should, by dint of arms, the world convince,
Whom, as their *Sovereign*, all mankind should own,
And homage pay to his exalted throne,
The meek and lowly JESUS they despis'd—
At thirty silver pieces was he priz'd,
Of men rejected, and enur'd to *grief*,
This *Man of Sorrows* met with no relief.
Him, whom GOD *lov'd*, did men revile, and *hate*—
They heated with contempt his humble state.
He, who mankind so graciously redeem'd,
The outcast of the people was esteem'd:
They trampled on him with the foot of pride,
And all his miracles they vilify'd.

All this was but the prelude to his woe—
Far greater he was doom'd to undergo;

The

The vengeance which 'gainſt ſinners was ordain'd,
Unſatisfy'd, and unappeas'd remain'd,
As CHRIST our *Ranſom* undertook to be,
By ſuff'ring the allotted penalty,
The cup of fury muſt be ſwallowed down,
Ere *Juſtice* would relax her angry frown.
Who from the deadly potion would not ſhrink?
Yet CHRIST reſolv'd the very *dregs* to drink:
Its bitterneſs no mortal tongue can tell,
Nor hiſtory ſuch ſuff'rings paralell.

The hour of his approaching death he knew—
And then with three diſciples he withdrew.
" *My ſoul's exceeding ſorrowful* (ſaid he)
" *Ev'n to death*—ſtay ye, and *watch with me.*"
Then, to a little diſtance he retir'd,
And thus in pray'r to heav'n his ſoul aſpir'd.

" *My God, my God*, to thee I humbly cry—
" *Haſte thee to help me*—LORD, oh be thou nigh!
" Oh liſten to the words of my complaint!
" *My heart, like wax is melted*, and is faint.
" *Wherefore, haſt thou forſaken me*, O GOD?
" Support my ſtrength, to bear thy angry rod.
" *Our fathers truſted in thee*—when they cry'd,
" To heal their wounds, thy mercy was apply'd:
" *Thou didſt deliver them*—but, as for me,
" Reviling men inſult my miſery.

" *All*

" *All they that ſee me ſhake their heads*, and ſay,
" *In God he put his truſt*—then, let him pray
" And GOD will ſave him; for, this boaſter ſaid,
" *I am the* SON OF GOD—but lo! he's dead.
" *My bones are out of joint—my ſtrength is dry'd—*
" *The wicked pierce my hands, my feet*, my ſide—
" *They part my garments—trouble*, now, *is near—*
" But, GOD is with me; why, then, ſhould I fear?
" *Thou*, LORD, *art he that took me from the womb—*
" I dread not the corruption of the tomb;
" Since *thou haſt brought me to the duſt of death*,
" To thee, contented, I reſign my breath:
" I will behave as it becomes *thy* SON—
" So be it, FATHER—*thy* great *will be done—*
" *The cup which thou haſt giv'n me* will I take,
" And *drink* it to the bottom, for *Man's* ſake."

Now, to his three diſciples he return'd—
But, oh! their ſenſeleſs natures never mourn'd!
Thoſe eyes, which pity ſhould have taught to weep,
Regardleſs of his woes, were cloſ'd in ſleep.

Twice more retiring to the lonely ſhade,
Stretch'd on the ground, ſo earneſtly he pray'd,
His ſweat was, as it were, great drops of blood,
And, from his eyes, tears guſh'd out, like a flood:
Their ſtreams, uniting, bath'd the very ſtones,
And diſtant mountains echo'd back his groans.
So great the agonies he underwent,
His ſoul to comfort, GOD an angel ſent.

Again

Again to his diſciples JESUS came—
Again they were aſleep—O graceleſs ſhame!
" *Now take your reſt* (ſaid he) *the hour* is nigh—
" The hour wherein the SON OF MAN muſt die:
" *Riſe—let us now be gone*—a ruffian band,
" Impatient for my life, is juſt at hand."

While he yet ſpake, a boiſt'rous multitude,
With ſwords, around his ſacred perſon ſtood.
Then, *one of the appointed twelve* drew near—
Mildly he aſk'd, " *Friend, wherefore art thou* here?"
" *Hail*, MASTER, hail"—the treach'rous *Judas*
ſaid——
And thus, for filthy gain, his LORD betray'd.
The rabble, then, laid hold with impious hands
On him, who was the *glory of all lands*;
And, while to the chief council he was led,
His daſtard, cowardly diſciples fled:
Ev'n *Peter* would acknowledge him no more,
Who, never to forſake him, raſhly ſwore.

Having procur'd falſe witneſſes, by lies,
To take away his life did they deviſe:
His life with ſuch unſully'd luſtre ſhone
The tongue of calumny was overthrown.
Then ſaid the *High Prieſt*, " *I adjure thee, tell*
" *Whether thou be the* CHRIST"—" *Thou haſt ſaid*
well——

" I truly am the SON OF GOD (cry'd he,)
" Whom *ye, on the right hand of pow'r ſhall ſee,*
" *Coming hereafter, in a* glorious *cloud.*"
The High-Prieſt *rent his cloaths*, and cry'd aloud,
" *Guilty of death, what further need have we*
" *Of witneſſes? ye've heard his blaſphemy.*"
Then did they ſpit upon that face divine,
Round which the glory of the LORD did ſhine,
And buffetted that body to be giv'n
A ſacrifice for ſin—a price for heav'n.

Now like a common felon, being ty'd;
To have their cruel ſentence ratify'd,
They drag'd him on to *Pilate*'s judgment-ſeat,
And there accus'd their KING, with rancour great.
Tho' treated with injuſtice and diſgrace,
The HOLY ONE of *Iſrael held his peace*;
Thus was that *ſcripture* verify'd, which ſaith,
" *He, as a patient lamb, was brought* to death,
" *And, as a ſheep before her ſhearer*'s mute,
" *He open'd not his mouth*," their malice to confute.

Tho' of no crime convicted, yet they cry'd
With one conſent, " Let him be crucify'd"—
And, to the *Faithful Witneſs* did prefer
A factious robber, and a murderer.
Then, with the laſhes of the ſcourge, they tore
That back, which *all our griefs and ſorrows bore*—
Laid on thoſe *ſtripes, by which* (*Iſaiah* ſays)
Our ſouls *are heal'd* of ev'ry foul diſeaſe.

When

When thus with moſt inhuman rigour whipp'd,
His mangled body, then, the ſoldiers ſtripp'd,
And pungent *thorns they platted* for *a crown*,
While from his back *a ſcarlet robe* flow'd down—
A reed they, alſo, plac'd in his right-hand—
Thus deck'd in all the enſigns of command,
With all the inſolence of mockery,
They hail'd him as their *King*, and bow'd the knee.
Over his eyes a bandage, then, they ty'd,
And, ſtriking him, and ſpitting on him, cry'd,
" Thou *Prophet*, that can'ſt *prophecy* ſo well,
" *Who was it ſmote thee on the body*, tell?"
To make his temples more profuſely bleed,
The prickly thorns were ſtricken with a reed:
Deep in his lacerated fleſh they lay—
Stripp'd of the robe, he now was led away,
Bearing the heavy croſs on which he dy'd,
With a vile malefactor on each ſide.
Hear—hear the ſhouts—behold! the croſs is rais'd—
The SON OF GOD, IMMANUEL, is ſeiz'd—
His body's lifted up on high—ſee, ſee!
They ſtretch him out on the accurſed tree.
Behold! with rugged iron nails, they tear
Thoſe feet which kindly travell'd every where,
The goſpel of eternal *peace* to ſpread,
How full of beauty, then? as GOD hath ſaid.
But, view them now!—deform'd with clotted blood—
From ev'ry art'ry ſprings the crimſon flood.

Merciles ſoldiers! O barbarian bands!
Where are your hearts? how can you pierce thoſe
hands,
Which oft were rais'd to heav'n in fervent pray'r,
That his eternal glory ye might ſhare.
How ghaſtly! how diſtorted is that face!
Which once ſhone bright with beams of heav'nly
grace.
If tears will ſuffer you, obſerve thoſe eyes—
They burſt their lids—the ſparkling luſtre flies—
See, in their twiſting ſockets how they turn!
Oft for our blindneſs did they weep and mourn.
Look on thoſe lips—how livid! oh, how pale!
Yet ſtriving with his FATHER to prevail:
O bloody executioners! in love
For you, they breathe a ſigh to heav'n above—
Ev'n now, his voice is lifted up for you—
"*Forgive them, for, they know not what they do.*"
And, will not this diſſolve your flinty hearts?
Harder than rocks, they triumph in his ſmarts.
But, oh! his patience fails—the trickling tear,
Drops down his cheek— his heart now melts with
fear.
That conſolation, which diffus'd content
Thro' all the diſmal ſcenes he underwent,
Deſerts him now—oh, hear his piteous cry!
"*My* GOD, *my* GOD, *why* thus *forſaken*, why?"

His

His tongue is parch'd with drought—" I thirſt,"
he crys—
His executioner the ſponge applys—
" *'Tis finiſh'd*—now my life draws near an end——
" FATHER, to thee *my ſpirit I commend.*"
His ſpirit is departing—almoſt fled—
See! on his boſom drops his languid head—
See, how it hangs! oh hear the ſuff'rer's moans!
Lo, death and nature ſtruggle—hark! he groans—
His heart is burſting—death, thy conqueſt boaſt—
The SAVIOUR of the world gives up the ghoſt.

Hard-hearted mortal! your REDEEMER dies—
And inſtantaneous darkneſs clothes the ſkies—
The rocks in pieces ſplit, and ſtrew the plain——
The veil, too, of the temple rends in twain.
Aſtoniſhing! the whole terreſtrial globe
Aſſumes a ſable hue—a mourning robe—
The heav'nly orbs put on a ſolemn pall,
Attendants on their MAKER's funeral.
The luminary, which diſpenſes light
To this our ſyſtem, ſickens at the ſight—!
Grows black—and, ſtruck with tender ſympathy,
The glorious SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS to ſee
Setting in ſhades of death, withdraws his rays,
And night enſues, as her bright diſk decays.
Shock'd at the horrid, the inhuman deed,
Lo! in the womb of earth, convulſions breed:

Now pangs of trembling her foundations ſhake—
Her bowels open—ſee! the dead awake——
The bodies of the ſaints which ſlept aroſe——
And, ſhall the *quick* behold it with dry eyes?
Shall they who *breathe the breath of life* appear
Unmov'd? ſhall they, with cold attention, hear
That mournful voice which pierc'd earth's deepeſt gloom,
And rouz'd the clay-cold tenants of the tomb?
Shall not the ſtubborn heart of him relent,
Whoſe ſins alone occaſion'd this event?
Should not ſuch tender mercy CHRIST endear?
Each drop of blood deſerves, at leaſt, a tear.
O *Man*, when things inanimate agree
In all the ſigns of ſenſibility,
Attending to this tragedy of woe,
Shall not the eye of *pity* overflow?
Shall you obſerve the acting of the ſcene,
And a ſpectator unconcern'd remain?
Forbid it, *gratitude*—forbid it *love*—
Forbid it, thou ALMIGHTY GOD above.

Think what the dying ſuff'rer muſt have felt,
And, ſurely, the moſt flinty heart muſt melt.
But, tho' our *fleſh* may tremble at the view,
And ſympathizing grief our cheeks bedew,
Yet, knowing of CHRIST's death the bleſs'd reſult,
In GOD our SAVIOUR muſt our ſouls exult.

No

Not for himself did the MESSIAH die—
But, *to wipe off the tear from every eye.*
He, for our sins, was wounded on the cross,
And *he has purely purg'd away our dross.*
The chastisements of our eternal *peace*
He bore—OUR *guilt* HIS *merits* did efface.
No longer GOD in vengeance is array'd,
All our iniquity on him is laid.

Christians rejoice with shouts of holy joy—
Your voices let triumphant songs employ.
Your SAVIOUR bursts the caverns of the tomb——
Lo! earth emits him from her dreary womb:
No more with vile corruption shall he dwell—
He *spoils the pow'rs* of darkness, and of hell.
See, how he springs on high! behold him rise!
Hark! heav'nly music chears the lift'ning skies——
From orb to orb it rolls—hark! Angels sing,
" *Grave, where's thy vict'ry? Death, where is thy sting?*
" By thee *captivity is captive led,*
" And *he that had the pow'r of death* is dead."
See! they conduct him to his bless'd abode—
They *set* him *down at the right-hand of* GOD.
With glory, pow'r, and might, and honour crown'd,
Minist'ring cherubims his feet surround:
There, our HIGH PRIEST, exalted on his throne,
Pleads all his precious merits as *our own.*

Be

Be joyful, O ye heav'ns—ye mountains, ſhout—
All our *tranſgreſſions* CHRIST hath *blotted out.*
O *foreſt ſing*, and ev'ry *tree* therein——
For, *as a cloud*, hath GOD diſpers'd our ſin.
Let the ſea roar—let floods, too, *clap their hands*——
The ſceptre of his mercy to all lands
Doth CHRIST extend—rejoice ye in your King—
Ye that are true of heart your tribute bring—
Your voice in holy *Hallelujahs* raiſe,
For, it *becomes the juſt* their LORD to praiſe.

O the unbounded goodneſs of our GOD!
For enemies, who merited the rod,
He gave his SON to bear the heavy ſtroke,
Who of the law one tittle never broke.
With *healing in his wings* the SAVIOUR came——
As ointment poured forth is JESU's *name.*
Tho' rich, yet *poor* he made himſelf, that we
Might become wealthy, thro' *his poverty.*
He liv'd, and dy'd, in ſorrow and diſgrace—
For whom? for an apoſtate, wicked race—
A crown of thorns did our REDEEMER bear,
That *Man* a *glorious diadem* might wear:
He was content to ſuffer death and ſhame,
That *life* and *heav'nly honours* we might claim.
Children of wrath by nature, the LORD's face
Was turn'd away, but, by redeeming grace,

We

We now are made (the *holy text* declares)
Children of glory, and with CHRIST *coheirs.*
No more are *foreigners and aliens*,
But, *with the saints* are *fellow-citizens.*
Enslav'd to *Satan* once, we now are free—
For, *death is swallow'd up in victory.*
In darkness did we wander, without sight—
But CHRIST is now our *lantern, guide and light*:
Offending mortals did he reconcile,
By spotless purity that *knew no guile.*
What matchless *love the* Father *hath bestow'd!*
That we should be accounted *sons of* GOD—
For so, by faith in JESUS CHRIST *are all*—
LORD, for this saving faith, we humbly call.

Put on thy strength, O Zion, *and awake—*
From off thy neck the bands of thraldom break—
Awake, O thou that sleepest, and arise
From sin's dead slumber—CHRIST will ope' thine eyes.
And thro' his pow'rful name, will overthrow
The crafty wiles of thy infernal foe.

O *Man*, thou favourite, thou *elect of* GOD,
For *thee*, this earthly surface JESUS trod.
In a poor manger, first, he drew his breath,
Then dy'd a painful, ignominious death—
A curse was made, by hanging on a tree,
And, *in his flesh, abolish'd enmity.*

For

For thee, he, then, *aſcended up on high*,
Thy advocate—thy *paſs-port* to the ſky.
Look unto *him*, howe'er by ſin enſlav'd,
Look to the LAMB OF GOD, and be thou ſav'd—
Look to thy ſpotleſs *ſurety* on the croſs,
And, *to be found in him, count all things loſs*.
He, *in the ſhadow of his hand, ſhall hide*
The faithful ſouls that in his ſtrength confide:
Of conquer'd *death and hell he keeps the keys*,
To ope' the tomb, thy ſlumb'ring duſt to raiſe.
With courage, then, deſcend into the grave—
Be ſtrong in him, who *mighty is to ſave*:
Fight the good fight of faith, and do not fear—
CHRIST *overcame—be*, therefore, *of good chear*.
By virtue of *his* ſacred body, *thine*
Shall, alſo, riſe to life, and bliſs divine;
And, when this earthly globe ſhall be no more,
Immortal o'er its ruins ſhalt thou ſoar.

Thro' CHRIST, what precious bleſſings we poſſeſs!
Great is the myſtery of Godlineſs.
JESUS, GOD-MAN, *was lifted up* on high
That they who live in him might never die.
When *Iſrael* in the wilderneſs ſojourn'd,
To *Egypt* they would gladly have return'd.
GOD was provok'd, and fiery ſerpents ſent,
The meſſengers of death to ev'ry tent;

As

As many as were bitten ſurely dy'd—
In deep repentance to the LORD they cry'd.
Then, *Moſes* elevated on a pole
A brazen ſerpent—thus, were all made whole
Who look'd upon the image—This event
CHRIST on the croſs doth clearly repreſent.
Sin, like a pois'nous ſerpent, bites, and ſtings,
And death, both temp'ral and eternal, brings:
But, looking up to JESUS crucify'd,
When, with the eye of faith, we ſee his ſide,
His guiltleſs hands, his gracious feet pierc'd thro',
Sin's venom is extracted by the view.
Beholding him, as ſuff'ring in our ſtead—
Believing that, for us, his blood was ſhed,
To everlaſting life ſhall we ariſe,
And join our conqu'ring SAVIOUR in the ſkies.

CHRIST is the heav'nly *Bread*—his fleſh he gave,
The longing, hungry, famiſh'd ſouls to ſave.
He is the *true*—*the* only *living bread*,
Our fathers did eat manna, and are dead:
But, *he that eats his fleſh, and drinks his blood,*
Shall live for ever—yea, ſhall live with GOD.

CHRIST is the *Well of living waters*—he
Who taſtes thereof, from death's captivity
Shall be releas'd—*The Bride and Spirit ſay,*
" This water all your ſins ſhall waſh away.

" *Whoever*

" *Whoever will,* come to the *Fountain's* brink,
" And *he that is athirſt may freely drink.*"

CHRIST *is the Tree of Life, whoſe branches ſpread*
To heal the nations, quickning all the dead:
Of GOD *anointed,* he has vanquiſh'd hell,
Of myrrh, and odors his garments ſmell.

CHRIST is our righteous *Advocate,* and by
His interceſſion, we ſhall gain the ſky—
The Mediator *between* GOD *and* Men,
Reſtoring us to *Paradiſe* again.

CHRIST *is the Bride-groom,* and his church the *Bride.*
But, oh! to *Satan we have turn'd aſide*—
Aſide the wedding garment we have laid,
And, in the wantonneſs of whoredom play'd.
From our *firſt huſband* we have baſely fled,
For *lovers that give oil, and drink, and bread.*
May we not fear, then, leſt our *Bride-groom* ſay
With thirſt the ſhameleſs harlot will I ſlay:
Naked as in the day that ſhe was born,
Lo! I will make her a reproach, and ſcorn—
A wilderneſs—a dry and barren *land,*
And none ſhall ſave her *from my* vengeful *hand.*
With thorns will I hedge up her pleaſant *ways,*
Will cauſe her mirth to ceaſe, and her feaſt-days:

No

No more *her children* ſhall *my mercy* ſee,
She that conceiv'd them hath done ſhamefully.

CHRIST is our merciful *High-prieſt*, who paid
A ranſom, and propitiation made——
The Author *and the* Finiſher *of faith*,
Who *frees us from the laws of ſin, and death.*

CHRIST is the *Fatted Calf*, whoſe blood was ſhed
For ſons to *life* returning from the *dead*——
Whoſe precious blood was pour'd upon the ground,
For ſons, who, being *loſt*, again are *found*.

CHRIST is the bright, the ſhining *Morning-Star*,
To lighten *ſtrangers that ſhall come from far*——
The *Day-Star* from on high, whoſe dawning light
Irradiates our intellectual ſight.

CHRIST was rais'd up a *Plant of* high *Renown*,
And *of anointing oil* he wears *the crown*.
He is the true *Phyſician* of the ſoul,
Whoe'er applys to him will he make whole——
To godlineſs of life will he reſtore——
With balſam heal ſin's mortifying ſore——
The good *Samaritan* our wounds will bind,
To enemies compaſſionately kind.

CHRIST is our *Covert*, *Hiding-place*, and *Fort*——
Thither the greateſt ſinners may reſort;

A ſure protection will his ſhelter yield,
And *compaſs them* around, *as with a ſhield:*
Truſting in him great ſafety ſhall they find,
Secure from all the ſtormy rage of wind.

CHRIST is our *Paſſover*—his blood apply,
Then, the deſtroying angel will paſs by.
Safe from the vengeance of the great *I am*,
Shall all remain, if ſprinkled with the *Lamb*—
The ſpotleſs *Lamb* who, for man's ſin, *was ſlain*,
That *we as kings and prieſts to* GOD *might reign.*

CHRIST is our *Conſolation*—when he went
To heav'n, the bleſs'd *Comforter* was ſent.
Paſſing all underſtanding is the *peace*
Believers feel—and, happy in GOD's grace,
Each ſinner for himſelf, may boldly cry,
" For *me*, did JESUS, my *Redeemer*, die:
" *The life I live is by the faith* which he
" Beſtows, *who lov'd, and gave himſelf for* me."

CHRIST is the *quick'ning Spirit*, grace to give
That, *dead to ſin*, the world to GOD might live.

CHRIST is the mighty *Counſeller*, to teach,
And to enforce, the word his watchmen preach——
The chief *Apoſtle* who was ſent from GOD,
Whoſe heav'nly *feet were with the goſpel ſhod.*

CHRIST is the *Dew of Iſrael*, whoſe ſoft ſhow'rs
Deſcend to ſoften theſe hard hearts of ours:

Left

Left to ourſelves, the godly ſeed would die,
But, when refreſh'd by him, we fructify.

CHRIST is the BANE, whoſe ſpotleſs, chaſte eſtate,
As *new-born Infants*, we muſt imitate;
And, *with the milk of his* pure *word*, ſupply
Our ſouls with ſtrength, *that we may grow thereby*.

CHRIST is the *Lilly of the Valleys*—He
The *Roſe of Sharon*, and the *Apple-tree*.
His *fruit is ſweet*, and pleaſant *to the taſte*,
Nor leaves a ſting, like *that* in *Eden* plac'd:
By one, a prey to death, and hell's dread pow'rs,
But, by the other, life and heav'n are ours.

CHRIST is our *Captain*, *Buckler*, *Spear*, and *Might*,
Beneath whoſe banner we are call'd to fight.
As faithful ſoldiers, we muſt take our ſhield,
And, ſtedfaſt *unto death*, maintain the field.
The world, the fleſh, the devil are array'd
To conquer our weak ſouls—be not diſmay'd—
Greater is he that's for us, than all thoſe
Which are againſt us—CHRIST ſubdues our foes.
The ſword of his ſalvation has he giv'n
To cut our paſſage to the camp of heav'n.

CHRIST is become the *firſt-fruits* of the dead—
The *harveſt*, then, muſt follow—ſince the *head*

Is lifted up, the members will aſcend,
And make *one body*, when this world ſhall end.

CHRIST is our rich *Inheritance*—ſhall we,
Then, feed upon the huſks of vanity?
For a baſe *meſs of pottage*, ſhall we ſell
Our *birth-right*, and become the ſlaves of hell?

CHRIST is our *Creditor*, to whom we owe
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand talents, ſo,
Unable ſuch a mighty ſum to pay,
"We muſt be caſt in jail" the *law* doth ſay.
"No—freely CHRIST forgives (the *goſpel* ſaith)
"The bankrupts ſhall eſcape the chains of death:
"For mercy ſueing, mercy they ſhall find,
"Their ſouls from bondage, JESUS ſhall unbind."
Then, *having much forgiv'n us*, ſhall not we
Love much the *Creditor* that ſets us free?

CHRIST is our great *Refiner*—*as gold try'd*,
From all our droſs we ſhall be purify'd.

CHRIST is our *Diadem*—with ſuch a crown,
Shall we to princes of the earth bow down?
Their fading honours ſhall we not deſpiſe,
Heirs of that throne which waits us in the ſkies?

CHRIST is our KING—then, ſhall we *Rebels* prove,
And, under *Satan's* enſign, fearleſs move?

CHRIST'S

CHRIST's gentle eaſy yoke ſhall we diſdain
And patiently endure the Devil's chain?

CHRIST is our *Maſter*—him we're bound to
ſerve—
From his commands we muſt not dare to ſwerve.
With *him* and *Mammon* we can not agree,
Their kingdoms live in mutual enmity.

CHRIST is the only *Way*, the only *Door*,
Which can our entrance into heav'n ſecure.

CHRIST is the *Shepherd*, whoſe ſtrong ſtaff ſhall keep
Unhurt, *in midſt of wolves*, his faithful ſheep.

CHRIST is the *Lion*, whoſe great ſtrength prevail'd
The book of GOD to open, that was ſeal'd.

CHRIST is the *Biſhop* of our ſouls, that we
As prieſts, obedient to the faith, might be—
The *Meſſenger* whom GOD the *Father* ſent,
To make an unbelieving world repent.

CHRIST is the *Sower*, and his word the ſeed—
Bleſſed are they that ſee, and hear, and read—
That, *ſixty*, or *an hundred-fold* increaſe—
Glory their heritage ſhall be, and peace.
Receive not, then, the *ſeed* in *ſtony* ground,
But, to GOD's honour, *let your fruit abound.*

Let not *the cares* of life *choke* up *the word*,
And ye become unfruitful to the LORD.
Oh! let not the *deceitfulness* of wealth
Destroy your souls—the *Wicked one*, by stealth,
Will catch away what JESUS CHRIST has sown,
And *hearts of flesh* will harden into *stone*.

CHRIST is the *Reaper*, and, when he appears
His *sickle* shall cut down the noxious tares—
They shall be burnt in hell's consuming heat,
But, *in his barn*, will he lay up *his wheat*.

CHRIST is the *Rock of ages*— they that raise
A house thereon, may scorn the raging seas:
Tho' tempests blow—tho' floods of rain descend
That house shall stand unshaken, to the end.
On that foundation build—the *scriptures* say
"*No other than* CHRIST JESUS *can man lay*"
He is the *Corner-stone*, of GOD elect,
Whoe'er believes on him will be protect:
But, he will prove to those that walk in sin,
A snare, a stone of stumbling, and a gin.
Come, then, *to him, as to a living stone*,
And, *as wise master-builders*, JESUS own.
An holy priesthood ye shall, then, arise,
To offer up, through him, your sacrifice:

CHRIST is the *Strength of Israel*—if we speak
Of strength, lo! he is strong, and we are *weak*.

But

But, though thus feeble in ourſelves, yet we
With *Paul*, ſhould glory in infirmity,
That on our ſouls *the pow'r of* CHRIST *might reſt*,
Who bears the burden of the ſore oppreſs'd.

CHRIST, as the *Son of Man*, for ſin has dy'd,
And, by his *death*, the law is magnify'd:
CHRIST, as the *Son of* GOD, has pow'r on high,
And, by his *life*, can fully juſtify.
As *man*, he died, and ſatisfaction gave—
As GOD, he is omnipotent to ſave.

CHRIST is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, he,
Who was, and is, and evermore ſhall be.

CHRIST is the *Truth*——ſhall we his words
deſpiſe,
And liſten to the *father* of all *lies*?

CHRIST JESUS is the *Vine*—the *Branches* we—
Thus has he ſaid—"He that *abides in me*,
His nouriſhment receiving from the *Root*,
Shall daily ripen, and *bring forth much fruit*:
But, *if a man in me will not abide*,
He, as a wither'd branch, is caſt aſide.
Therefore, *abide in me, and I in you*,
For ye, without my help, *can nothing do.*

CHRIST is the *Lord of Lords*, and *King of*
Kings.
Before whoſe throne heav'n's hierarchy ſings—
"*Thou*

" *Thou plague of death, deſtruction of the grave,*
" *Worthy* art thou all glory to receive,
" All *riches, wiſdom, ſtrength,* belong to thee,
" *Bleſſing, and pow'r,* to all eternity."

Theſe things are written, that we might believe,
And that, believing, we might *life* receive.
But, well with holy *David* may we cry,
The faithful fail—the proud have forg'd a lie.
Well may the miniſters of GOD complain
That many *chriſtians* take CHRIST's name in vain—
" *Come, let us hear the word* of GOD" they ſay,
Yet, when they hear the word, will not obey:
For, with their mouth, to CHRIST *much love they*
ſhew,
But, their *affections ſet on things below.*
O ye deluded ſons of men, how long,
In *outward form* GOD's temple will ye throng?
While ſtrangers to that *inward ſanctity*
His word enjoins, can all your worſhip be
Acceptable to him? your ſacrifice
Is an abomination in his eyes.
Thus, by his holy Prophet, hath GOD ſaid,
Who hath requir'd you in *my courts to tread?*
Your ſabbaths, feaſts, I weary am to bear,
Nor will I liſten to your formal pray'r.
Bring no more vain oblations unto me—
Your ſolemn meeting is iniquity:

When ye ſpread forth your hands, mine eyes I'll hide,
Your hands are full of blood—your hearts of pride.

The *name* of *Chriſtians*, then, can never ſave,
Except, like *real Chriſtians*, ye behave:
The *Spirit* of the LORD muſt guide your ways,
And teach you *how to walk—how* GOD *to pleaſe.*
We know not what to pray for, as we ought,
Nor, *of ourſelves, can think a* godly *thought:*
No man can ſay that JESUS *is the* LORD,
But by the HOLY-GHOST's *inſpiring word.*

The way which leads to life is narrow, ſtrait—
And few *there be that find it*—But, the gate
That to deſtruction leads is broad and wide,
And many enter in, from ev'ry ſide.
CHRIST ſays, *Take up the croſs, and follow me,*
" Or elſe, *ye cannot my diſciples be:*
" *Verily, verily, except a man*
" *Be of the* Spirit *born again*, he can
" By no means be admitted into heav'n."
Be a new lump, then—*purge out the old leav'n.*
For, *if we be in* CHRIST, the *Scriptures* ſay,
All things are new—old things are paſs'd away.
Beware, leſt ye be ſpoil'd thro' vain deceit—
'Tis *in* CHRIST's *fulneſs* we become *complete.*
In HIM *the promiſes of* GOD *are yea—*
Yea and Amen— on HIM *thy burthen lay.*

CHRIST

CHRIST JESUS was *made sin for us, that we*
The righteousness of GOD *in him might be.*
All those that *into* CHRIST *have been baptiz'd,*
Must put on CHRIST, in whom we're *circumcis'd,*
When *putting off the body of* our *sin,*
Quicken'd by HIM, a new life we begin.
By the renewing of the Spirit *led,*
In our glad hearts, the love of GOD *is shed,*
Whose Spirit with our Spirits witness bears,
That we are *sons of* GOD, and, therefore, *heirs.*

All ye, who humbly bow to JESU's throne,
And put your confidence in *him* alone,
Stedfast, unshaken let your faith remain,
Knowing, *to live is* CHRIST, *to die is gain.*
Begun in Spirit, *end not in the* Flesh—
No fountain can yield water, salt and fresh.
Be not again entangled with the yoke
Of bondage, which your great *Deliv'rer* broke:
But, *stand* ye *fast in that* sweet *liberty*
Wherewith your SAVIOUR CHRIST hath made
you free.
Regard not the reproaches of a fool—
With *Christian* firmness bear the ridicule
Of the self-righteous, Pharisaic sect—
Who shall lay any thing to God's elect?
Who shall condemn you? it is CHRIST *that dy'd—*
In whom *ye are complete,* and justify'd.

Who

Who, what shall ſeparate you from HIS love?
Your faith ſhall pow'rs, or perſecution move?
Shall tribulation, famine, or diſtreſs,
Shall *peril, ſword, or death, or nakedneſs?*
No—for, in all theſe trials, *ye are more*
Than conquerors, thro' CHRIST's ſuſtaining pow'r.
Then, cleave to HIS atoning ſacrifice—
And, *if ye faint not,* ye ſhall gain the prize.
With patience run the race before you ſet—
Conſider HIM, who ſuch revilings met.
Supported by HIS hand, ye need not fear
All the calamities which horrals here:
Ye need not fear—*tho' earth be rem'd away,*
And tho' the mountains ſink into the ſea—
Tho' all its waters roar, and ſwell with rage,
And, in fierce conteſt, winds and waves engage.
To CHRIST, *the anchor of your ſouls,* hold faſt,
'Till all the howling ſtorms of life be paſt:
Then, in the harbour of eternal peace,
The noiſe of boiſt'rous elements will ceaſe—
The blaſts of perſecution will be o'er,
And, your reward *be pleaſures evermore.*

Ye ſcoffing infidels, who madly ſay,
"*There is no* GOD"—repent without delay—
Repent, and be converted—Oh! be wiſe—
No more GOD's holy covenant deſpiſe.

How

How long, ye ſimple ones, will ye blaſpheme,
And ſpeak injurious of his ſacred name?
Shameleſs, ye glory in iniquity,
And vainly ſay, "*The* LORD *ſhall never ſee.*"
He *form'd the eye*—he *planted, too, the ear*—
Then, ſhall not ſuch a GOD both *ſee*, and *hear?*
A cup of burning wrath is in his hand—
The dregs thereof, the wicked of the land
Shall, at the laſt great day, be forc'd to drink—
Tremble, then, infidels—'tis time to think.
Death ſoon will come—how ſoon, ye cannot tell,—
Oh! play not on the very brink of hell!
Leſt the keen ſword of *juſtice* be unſheath'd,
And, red with ſlaughter, in your blood be bath'd.
But, ſtill deſpair not, thus the *ſcripture* ſaith,
GOD *willeth not the* wretched *ſinner's death*:
For, *if the wicked* will *forſake their ways*,
Then, mercy's ſtream ſhall quench wrath's dreadful blaze.
O joyful tidings! all your guilt confeſs,
And pardon find, through CHRIST, *our Righteouſneſs.*
Wounded by ſin, with heart-felt anguiſh cry,
And, to the *Balm of Gilead* apply.
To bind the broken hearted JESUS came—
Becauſe HE *ſaves from ſin*, HE bears that *name.*
Check not your *godly ſorrow*—give it vent—
It works repentance ye ſhall *ne'er repent.*

Heavi-

Heaviness may continue *for a night*,
But gladness will spring up, with dawn of light.
Then, *why disquieted?* Oh, *why cast down?*
Hope—trust in God—he will no longer frown.
Lift up your hearts before his mercy-seat—
For God is gracious—yea, his love is great.
His anger, in the twinkling of an eye,
Is past and gone—salvation, then, draws nigh.
As with the *body*, so 'tis with the *soul*—
They *need not a physician* that are *whole*.
Come unto me, says CHRIST, with sin oppress'd,
And *I will give you* peace, and joy, and rest:
My yoke is easy, and my burden light,
Receive it, and find favour in my sight.

Ye, whom the *Spirit* has convinc'd of sin,
Who wish a gospel-system to begin,
First, *watch in pray'r* to get believing views
Of CHRIST, *who to* HIMSELF *all things subdues*:
Into captivity bring ev'ry thought—
Depending on *yourselves*, ye can do nought,
All *our sufficiency's of* GOD alone—
Therefore, his strength in all your actions own.
Look up to JESUS for his promis'd aid—
On one that's mighty, help the LORD *hath laid*.
Then, will ye be enabled to subdue
All *fleshly lusts*, and holiness pursue.

Knowing what mighty things your GOD has done
To ſave your ſouls, by tender mercies won,
Then, in the LORD of love, will ye delight,
And *do thoſe things* moſt *pleaſing in his ſight.*
The *tree* once good, good *fruit* it will produce,
And ye prove *veſſels* for your *Maſter's uſe.*
Looking on CHRIST as ſuff'ring in the fleſh,
Ye *will* not *crucify* your LORD *afreſh:*
Ye *cannot* live in ſin, when HE has dy'd,
That, thro' HIS death, ye might be ſanctify'd.
No—your *Redeemer* ye will ſtrive to pleaſe,
And all your life be ſpent in pray'r and praiſe;
Good works ye will *be careful to maintain,*
As *they are profitable unto men:*
The work of righteouſneſs will, then, *be peace,*
Quiet aſſurance of IMMANUEL's grace.

Ye men of *reaſon*, dare not to deſpiſe
Theſe ſacred truths, but, if ye would *be wiſe*,
The ſcriptures tell you, ye muſt *become fools*—
The *goſpel*, in the *philoſophic* ſchools,
Is no where found—in *holy writ* alone,
Are the glad tidings of ſalvation ſhown.
Search, then its records—thus they ſay expreſs—
The wiſdom of this world is fooliſhneſs:
Not many mighty, many wiſe, are call'd—
But penitents, beneath ſin's bondage gall'd—

Nomi-

Nominal *Chriſtians*, think not the LORD's ears
Are open to your liſtleſs, yawning pray'rs:
If your *hearts* bow not with your bending knees,
Like *Moab*, *ye are ſettled on your lees*—
Have been at eaſe, like *Moab*, *from your youth*,
Nor worſhipp'd GOD *in ſpirit, and in truth.*
The *form of godlineſs*, without the *pow'r*,
Is leav'n of *Phariſees*, corrupt, and ſour.
Spiritleſs pray'rs GOD's bleſſing ne'er will gain,
For, we muſt wreſtle, if we would obtain:
A careleſs indolence in holy things
Is ſolemn mock'ry of the *King of Kings.*
Thus ſays his ſacred word—"*Your works I know,*
"*That they are neither cold nor hot*—but, lo!
"Such *lukewarm* ſervants from *my mouth I ſpew*"—
Therefore, in CHRIST created be anew.

Dead Chriſtian, turn, then, from thy lifeleſs ſtate—
Confeſs with *David*, that *thy ſin is great*—
Humble thine heart in penitential pray'r
And all thy foul iniquities declare.
To ſuch as, with a contrite ſpirit, cry,
The ſuccour of the LORD is always nigh.
Then, reſt not, 'till he ſays unto thy ſoul,
"I will—*thy faith hath ſav'd thee*—be thou whole—

"*I*

" *I don't condemn thee, go, and sin no more—*
" And, by a blameleſs life thy GOD adore."
Then, will GOD ſhew the brightneſs of his face,
And make thee to rejoice in pard'ning grace:
Then, will thy ſoul experience placid reſt,
And *joy unſpeakable* ſolace thy breaſt.

Ye deaf, that from the *goſpel* turn your ear,
Who, when the *truth* is told you, will not hear,
Know for a certainty, the trump ſhall ſound,
And ſhake, and rouze you from your ſleep profound.
Vollies of thunder o'er your heads ſhall roll,
And ſhrieks of fiends pierce deep into your ſoul.
Hear, then, in time—*while it is call'd to-day*—
Ere death to judgment hurries you away.

Ye fools, that *walk in darkneſs*, and are *wiſe*
In your own vain conceits, behold, your eyes
Are altogether clos'd—they cannot ſee—
Then, to the *Light* of life, to JESUS flee,
In earneſt ſupplications humbly pray,
And he will give you intellectual day.
Bartimeus-like be fervent in your cries,
Then, *with eye-ſalve*, will *he anoint your eyes:*
This bleſſed truth ye clearly will perceive,
My peace I give—with you my peace I leave.

Ye

Ye whited *Phariſees*, no more confide
In *filthy rags*; leſt GOD pull down your pride.
Come to the *Saviour*—in the *Saviour* truſt—
All fleſh is wicked—he alone is *juſt*.
If, by your own vile deeds, ye think to gain
The bliſs of heav'n, *then* CHRIST *has dy'd in vain*—
Then has he ſhed his precious blood for nought,
And ye *deny the* LORD, *by whom ye're bought*.

Ye votaries of pleaſure, quit the joys
This world affords—they are deluſive toys.
Tho' ſin, in the commiſſion, may be ſweet,
Yet, in the end, death, hell, and judgment meet.
Mirth, in the gilded cup, may ſeem to flow,
But, anguiſh, and diſeaſes lurk below—
The *gall of aſps* is hid beneath the bait—
The *Tempter*, to deſtroy you, lies in wait.
And, ſince the *oracles of truth* have ſaid,
All ſuch as *live in pleaſure*, they *are dead*.
Paſs the ſhort time of your ſojourning here,
In rev'rence to the LORD, and godly fear:
Thoſe things which are behind purſue no more,
But, *reach forth to thoſe things which are before*.

Sinners, of all denominations, fly
To JESUS CHRIST, the LORD—on him rely.
There is none other name, in earth, or heav'n,
Whereby polluted man can be forgiv'n:

Found in his righteouſneſs, your peace is ſure—
Waſh'd in his blood, from ſpot your ſouls are pure.

O thou *that girdeſt us with ſtrength* and might,
Vouchſafe to turn our darkneſs into light.
So teach us, LORD, *to number our* ſhort *days*,
That we may give our *hearts* to *wiſdom's* ways.
Send forth thy truth—ſubdue man's ſtubborn will—
And lead the wand'rers to thy holy hill.
JEHOVAH JESUS, ſtretch thy ſaving hand!
Out of the fire, oh, *pluck them, as a brand!*
Let not iniquity exalt its head——
But ſtrike—oh, ſtrike the *roaring lion* dead!
Haſten, oh haſten that predicted day,
When, *as the waters* overſpread *the ſea*,
O'er all the earth thy goſpel ſhall extend
And thy great name be prais'd, world without end!
Amen—Amen—Let Man his GOD adore,
Amen, Amen—ſo be it evermore!

THE END.

HYMNS

V.

HYMNS.

FOR A CONVINCED SINNER.

I.

CONDEMN'D, O God, with guilt oppreſs'd,
Before thy throne I lowly bow;
O give my troubled ſpirit reſt
And hear my penitential vow.

II.

O let my ſighs to thee aſcend!
A captive have I been to ſin;
The gates of mercy wide extend
To let a contrite ſinner in.

III.

So faſt in priſon am I bound,
Fetter'd with ſin's enormous chains;
Unleſs relief from thee be found,
No hope of liberty remains.

IV.

Come then, my great deliv'rer, come,
The pow'rs of darkneſs to ſubdue;
Now from the dungeon bring me home,
And break their iron bonds in two.

V. Oh

V.

Oh cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
Upon thy ſervant, LORD, to ſhine,
Refreſh me with thy pard'ning grace,
LORD JESUS, make thy merits mine.

VI.

Do thou, whoſe mighty grace begins
To work in my obdurate ſoul,
Perfect thy work, blot out my ſins,
And mercifully make me whole.

VII.

Let not my hands in vain be ſpread,
Let not my tears inceſſant flow—
Quicken me, raiſe me from the dead,
That I thy holy ways may know.

VIII.

To thee mine eyes are lifted up,
Weary with looking for thy grace;
Remove, good GOD, this bitter cup,
And grant me thy conſoling peace.

IX.

Still, ſtill for pardon muſt I call,
'Till thou bow down thy gracious ear;
To me, O CHRIST, be *all in all*—
O be thou now benignly near.

X.

Thee for *my* GOD, I want to know;
Descend, thou *Spirit* from above;
LORD, LORD, *I will not let thee go,*
Except thou bless me with thy love.

XI.

Make me to triumph and rejoice—
Let me upon the *Rock* be set—
Glory to GOD! I hear his voice—
The sinner and his GOD have met.

XII.

Stern *justice* now, and placid *peace*
Salute each other with a kiss,
Exult, my soul, in GOD's free grace,
Anticipate celestial bliss.

XIII.

GOD cloaths me with *his* righteousness,
And spreads his glory round my neck,
As with the ornaments of dress,
Bridegrooms and brides their bodies deck.

XIV.

My soul, redeem'd from lowest hell,
Shall magnify his blessed name,
And of that wondrous goodness tell,
Which did my wand'ring steps reclaim.

Grati-

XV.

Gratitude high her voice ſhall raiſe,
To HIM who heard my ſad complaints:
Shout, heav'n and earth—ſhew forth his praiſe,
Praiſe him, ye angels—praiſe him, ſaints.

ANOTHER.

I.

LORD, behold a wretched creature,
Helpleſs, ruin'd, and undone;
Give thou me thy heav'nly nature,
Oh adopt me for thy ſon:
Long, too long, have I been ſinning,
Feeding upon huſks, and wind,
Since thy grace is now beginning,
Perfect what remains behind.

II.

Root out ev'ry vile affection,
Cruſh the pow'r which Satan hath;
Counſeller, let thy direction
Guide me in the narrow path:
I will follow thee, O JESUS,
Whereſoe'er thou lead'ſt the way,
Sinners, come, and CHRIST will eaſe us,
He our ſorrows will allay.

III. For

III.

For thy righteouſneſs I hunger,
And for thy ſalvation thirſt;
LORD, I faint—delay no longer—
Out of thee I am accurſt:
Feed me with thy *bread* from heav'n,
From thy well my drink ſupply;
Let, at leaſt, a taſte be given,
Or my famiſh'd ſoul will die.

IV.

Surely, none ſhall ever periſh,
Who in JESUS's blood confide;
Me, then, let thy *Spirit* cheriſh,
'Twas for ſinners JESUS dy'd.
Tho' my ſins be great and many,
He the contrite will forgive,
For he never caſt out any,
Who, thro' HIM deſire to live.

FINIS.

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